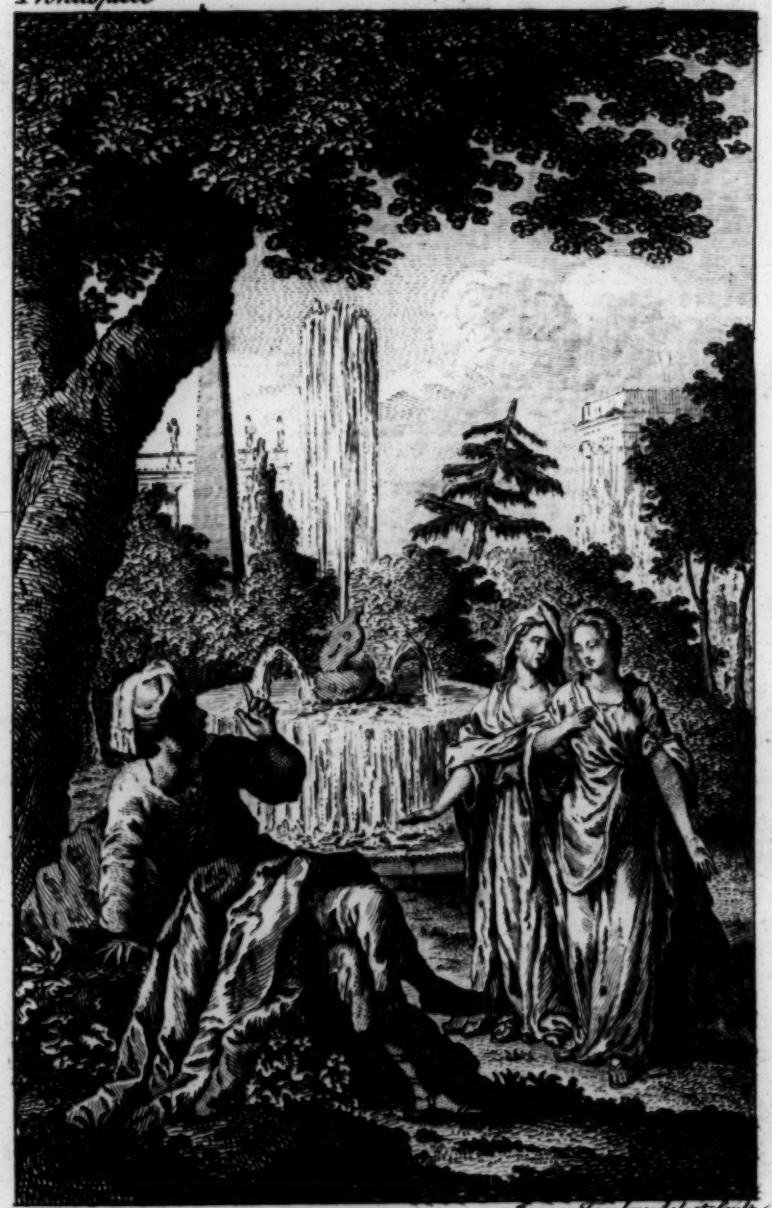
Frontispiece



Isaac Taylor del et sculp

Beneath a lofty Cedar's gloomy Shade
On the green Turf my languid Limbs were laid,
Thy Mother came, and lo! She led along
Her dear SAPHIRA, *beautiful and young.*

K Bible - old Testament - Song of Solomon. Engl Theat vol 58

THE

FAIR CIRCASSIAN,

A

Dramatic Performance.

By the late Dr. CROXALL,

When a GENTLEMAN COMMONER of *Oxford*.

WITH

Several OCCASIONAL POEMS.

To which is now added,

The ROYAL MANUAL,

By the ſame AUTHOR.

——*Sine Me, Liber, ibis in Urbem.* OVID.

The EIGHTH EDITION,

Ornamented with CUTS.

LONDON,

Printed for T. LOWNDES, in Fleet-Street.

MDCC LXV.

[Price One Shilling.]

6

TO

Mrs. Anna Maria Mordaunt.

MADAM,

THE Three Graces, which, above all other Arts, ſo powerfully charm the Soul, are Poetry, Painting, and Muſic. And each of theſe is nothing elſe but a certain agreeable Beauty made up of a regular Compoſition of Language, Colour, and Sound; which finding their way to the Mind by thoſe two noble Inſtruments of Senſation, the Eye and the Ear, entertain it in the higheſt Perfection. All theſe probably were exerted together in *Solomon*'s Fair One; as the preſent Age is

convinc'd they are in You. Her Language, like yours, was natural Poetry; her Voice Muſic; and the excellent Colouring and Formation of her Features, Painting: But ſtill, like yours, drawn by the inimitable Pencil of Nature, Life itſelf; a Pattern for the greateſt Maſters, but copying after none; I will not ſay Angels are not caſt in the ſame Mould.

THUS *Solomon* was a Poet, and thus I tranſlate. He drew the Charms which his beautiful *Saphira* preſented; and I tranſcribe from You. We may equally boaſt of being inſpir'd, each of our Breaſts having been fill'd with a Goddeſs: Only with this Difference; that my Poem ought to excel, as I have had the Advantage of a brighter Object: Whoſe Beauties, as yet unſullied by the wanton Gales of Love, like new-fall'n Snow, glitter with a ſuperior Luſtre.

I us'd to contemplate this happy Monarch's Love, with Pleaſure; and behold his Charmer with Admiration. Forgive me, injur'd Maid, I deſpis'd our cold Northern Iſlands for producing ſo indifferent a Race of Females; no more to be compar'd

compar'd with the Idea I had form'd of Her, than *Spenſer*'s ſnowy Lady, to the real *Florimel*. But when I ſaw You, like the Star which is Harbinger of the Day, dart thro' the Gloom and glow with Charms too bright to be beheld, good Gods! how aſtoniſh'd, how chang'd I was! I view'd You as the Angels did the new-created World, with exceſſive Delight; and inſtead of admiring *Saphira*, ador'd You.

O lovely Deity, pardon the Preſumption of this Addreſs, and favour my weak Endeavours. If my Confeſſion of your divine Power is any where too faint, believe it not to proceed from a want of due Reſpect, but of a Capacity more than Human. Whoever thinks of You can no longer be Himſelf; and if He could, ought to be ſomething above Man to celebrate the Accompliſhments of a Goddeſs.

To You I owe my Creation, as a Lover; and in the Beams of your Beauty only I live and move and exiſt. If there ſhould be a total Suſpenſion of your Charms, I muſt fall to nothing. But it ſeems to be out of your Power to deprive us of their

kind Influence; wherever you ſhine they fill all our Hearts; and you are charming out of Neceſſity, as the Author of Nature is good.

You too are heavenly, and therefore muſt be good. O permit Me, your deſpairing, yet moſt ſincere Suppliant, to approach the Altar of your Beauty; to offer up the firſt Fruits of my Muſe, and, with a diſtant Hope, to implore your Favour. My Infidel Heart was firſt converted by your Charms, and will triumph with Conſtancy under all the Sufferings it ſhall meet with in their Service: And tho' Want of ſufficient Merit may juſtly bar it from the Expectation of a future Bleſſing, yet, O divine Being, indulge me the temporal Happineſs of ſubſcribing myſelf

Your moſt Devoted,

moſt Obedient, and

moſt Humble Slave.

PREFACE.

THO' the following Tranſlation comes into the world obſcurely, and without a name, as if it were ſome ſpurious offspring not proper to be countenanc'd; yet give me leave to obſerve, that theſe Natural Children of the Muſes, which are moſt commonly begotten in a heat of Poetic Blood, and a great vigour and ſtrength of Fancy, are often more healthy and long-liv'd than others, and carry the marks of an eaſier ſpirit and a more florid conſtitution. If to theſe advantages of birth, the happy incidents of Education are added, ſuch as drawing the refined Air of *Parnaſſus*, playing upon the Banks of *Helicon*, and cooling their youthful heat by repeated Draughts of the Fountain *Hippocrene*, I need not ſay how far theſe ſtolen conceptions will exceed any thing that is labour'd in the vulgar indifferent way of a cuſtomary eſpouſal. That the thoughts of this performance were as well ſuggeſted by genius and nature, as improv'd by the common rules of art, cannot be queſtioned by thoſe who view the author in that light which he has given us of himſelf; as a young lover inſpir'd with the charms, and furniſh'd with a deſcription from the beauties of the fair creature, whoſe name he has plac'd before his Dedication.

He was a Gentleman-Commoner of *Oxford*, the heir and hopes of a family of good condition and repute in

that county; whoſe natural and acquir'd qualities were ſuch as might juſtify a particular panegyric; but, ſince his name is to be conceal'd, we will mention no other inſtances of that nature, than this only, which his friends have conſented ſhould be made public. He died this laſt winter, of that diſtemper which Phyſicians call a fever upon the ſpirits; when the indiſpoſition ſeems to proceed more from the uneaſineſs of mind than illneſs of body; and is ſuch as either eludes their art, or falls not within their method of preſcription. This deſign ſeems to have been executed the ſummer before; upon his having accidentally been in company with the fair Lady, who at once kindled in his breaſt the Fires of Love and Poetry. And this, being a circumſtance never ſuſpected by his friends, has made them apprehenſive that ſome real or imaginary diſcouragement might have hover'd over his young paſſion, and given it this fatal blaſt in its ſo early and tender bloom. But as all this is only conjecture, they don't pretend to accuſe any perſon living as acceſſary to their unfortunate loſs; they only deplore their not knowing the particular ſituation of his mind, that they might have endeavour'd to apply the proper preſervative. That he deſign'd the following ſheets for the preſs ſeems pretty plain, not only from his having written the Dedication, but particularly ſpecifying that he had taken the fourth chapter from *Steel*'s *Miſcellanies*, with ſome few alterations; as he ingenuouſly acknowledges in a marginal note. And therefore juſt as he left them, they are ſent into the world: with the ſame title page: by which it looks as if he intended to conceal his own name from public notice, while he had the pleaſure in obſcurity to blazon the charms of his miſtreſs, by copying from her the ſeveral features of the beauty he draws; which, conſidering the Eaſtern manner, and allegorical expreſſion, does in his hands become an original. And whether, by thus taking the diſtinct perfections of his celebrated piece from one ſingle perſon, he may have ſucceeded ſo well as *Apelles*, who drew his *Venus* from a collection

of

of beautiful parts taken from a number of the compleateſt females he could meet with, I muſt leave thoſe to judge who have ſeen the young Lady that furniſhed the whole magazine of Graces, ſo well diſpos'd in this unhappy ſcholar's portrait. Whether he intended to have written any thing by way of Preface, or Apology, we cannot determine; but nothing of that kind appearing, has made us think it proper to give this account of the occaſion, and what follows of the manner, of our author's conduct in this affair.

It is certain that he has all along kept the ſenſe of the vulgar tranſlation in view; and if what he was oblig'd, by the nature of his deſign, to add, has given no true illuſtration to the ſublime meaning of the allegorical writing; ſo neither, may we venture to ſay, has it diminiſh'd, or debas'd, or any way alter'd, the ſenſe of it; but left it full as applicable now, as ever it could be in the original. That *Solomon* did not directly and immediately intend this as a kind of *Opera*, or dramatic Performance, to celebrate the exceeding happineſs he enjoy'd in a mutual intercourſe of pleaſures with a woman of his *Seraglio*, can be inſiſted on by no one who conſiders the nature of his own and his father *David*'s prophetic Writings; where, though ſome other meaning than what appears may be couch'd by a ſupernatural direction; yet the plain and obvious ſenſe was always underſtood of their own affairs, and by them ſuited to ſome particular occurrences, of no extraordinary kind.

This being allow'd, we will endeavour to find out who the perſon was, which has been diſtinguiſh'd to poſterity by ſuch a tender deſcription and warm repreſentation of her own and her royal Maſter's Paſſion. And though this may ſeem to be an inquiry of a nice and difficult nature, but of little or no advantage to the Commonwealth of Letters; yet I hope to make ſome diſcovery in it, for an embelliſhment of this particular piece, and for the ſatisfaction of my candid readers the Ladies. I know that this *Sultana* has been vulgarly ſuppos'd to be *Pharaoh*'s daughter, becauſe *Solomon* is recorded to

eſpous'd ſuch a one; for in the * Hiſtory of his Life and Actions it is expreſsly mention'd, that he enter'd into an alliance with *Pharaoh* King of *Egypt*, and married his daughter, and brought her home to the city of his father *David:* and after he had finiſhed the Temple at *Jeruſalem*, and ſome other public edifices of ſtrength and beauty, he built a Palace for her particularly; which looks like a mark of very great favour and eſteem; as it probably was, and nothing elſe. For having married the daughter of ſo powerful a Prince, as the King of *Egypt*, (very likely for reaſons of ſtate, and to ſtrengthen the intereſt of his own country by an alliance with ſo formidable a Potentate,) he could not help ſhewing all the regard that was due to her high birth and condition; by building her a ſeparate Court, and granting her ſuch an allowance as might be ſufficient to ſupport her in a proper grandeur. And this he might do without the leaſt embarraſſment of his private pleaſures, or oppreſſion of his ſubjects; if we conſider, that by the admirable treaty of commerce which he had eſtabliſh'd with a maritime power, he had made gold and ſilver at home, as plenty as the dirt in the ſtreets. Now, that the Lady here introduc'd could not be this *Egyptian* Princeſs, ſeems reaſonable from hence: becauſe ſhe is character'd as a private perſon, a Shepherdeſs, one that kept a vineyard, and was us'd ill by her mother's children. All which will correſpond very well with ſomebody elſe; but cannot, without great ſtraining, be drawn to fit ſo illuſtrious a Princeſs. Not but that this luxurious and rich Prince could well afford to maintain all his Concubines, in their ſeveral houſes and gardens of pleaſure with a magnificence truly royal; as it is probable he did many of them. And this Lady ſeems to be attended with a number of female ſlaves, appropriated to her own particular uſe: though it is as probable, that he often diverted himſelf privately with them as a ſhepherd in maſquerade, in his groves and

* 1 *Kings* iii. 1. vii. 8. 2 *Chron.* viii. 11.

wilderneſſes,

wilderneſſes, curiouſly conſiſting of the moſt exquiſite rural amuſements, and the moſt delicate collections of flowers, fruits, and ſpices. And he is here deſcrib'd as coming by ſtealth in the night to her chamber, or apartment, and ſhe as privately ſollicitous in her ſearch after him; which probably was a concerted deſign upon ſuch occaſions, to enliven their pleaſures, by making them ſeem attended with danger and difficulty: all which are a ſort of little agreeable familiar liberties, not ſo conſiſtent with the formality and ceremony commonly uſed with a Royal Conſort.

Therefore ſeeing we have ſo good reaſon to conclude that this was not *Pharoah*'s daughter, we will next endeavour to ſhew who ſhe was. And here we are deſtitute of all manner of light but what is afforded us by that little *Arabian* manuſcript mention'd in the Philoſophical Tranſactions of *Amſterdam*, 1558, ſaid to be found in a marble cheſt among the ruins of *Palmyra*, and preſented to the Univerſity of *Leyden* by Dr. *Hermannus Hoffman*. The contents of which are ſomething in the nature of Memoirs of the Court of *Solomon*; giving a ſuccinct account of the chief offices and poſts in his houſhold; of the ſeveral funds of the royal revenue; of the diſtinct apartments in his palace there; of the different *Seraglios*, being ſixty-two in number, in that one city. (Though our young author ſeems to ſuppoſe all the King's miſtreſſes were kept in one.) Then there is an account given of the *Sultanas*; their manner of treatment and living; their birth and country, with ſome touches of their perſonal endowments, how long they continu'd in favour, and what the reſult was of the King's fondneſs for each of them. Among theſe there is particular mention made of a ſlave of more exceeding beauty than had ever been known before; at whoſe appearance the charms of all the reſt vaniſh'd, like ſtars before the morning ſun; that the King cleav'd to her with the ſtrongeſt affection, and was not ſeen out of the *Seraglio* where ſhe was kept, for above a month. That ſhe was taken captive, together with her mother, out of

a vineyard on the coaſt of *Circaſſia*, by a Corſair of *Hiram* King of *Tyre*, and brought to *Jeruſalem*. It is ſaid ſhe was plac'd in the ninth *Seraglio*, to the eaſt of *Palmyra*, which in the *Hebrew* tongue is call'd *Tadmor*. Which, without farther particulars, are ſufficient to convince us, that this was the charming perſon, ſung with ſo much rapture by the royal Poet; and in the recital of whoſe amour he ſeems ſo tranſported. For ſhe ſpeaks of herſelf as one that kept a vineyard; and her mother's introducing her in one of the gardens of pleaſure, (as it ſeems ſhe did at the firſt preſenting of her to the King) is here diſtinctly mention'd. The manuſcript further takes notice, that ſhe was call'd *Saphira*, from the heavenly blue of her eyes; which are hints I find the ingenious tranſlator has taken from ſome converſation we once had upon this head. And now I think, if this roll of parchment may be allow'd to have lain uncorrupted ſo many hundred years; as in a cheſt of durable and firm marble, well cemented and lying in a dry ſandy earth, may not be impoſſible; there can be no reaſon to ſuſpect the fair *Circaſſian*, and the celebrated Beauty in the Song, for being different perſons.

I ſhall only beg your patience, kind Reader, while I add a word or two more by way of apology for the young Gentleman's performance, which you have, ſuch as it is, without any alteration. There are ſome things which I could have wiſh'd might have been drawn over with another colouring; and which, had they come to my view in my pupil's life-time, as his tutor, I ſhou'd have adviſ'd him to have caſt in another form. But being become as it were a relique ſince his death, I look upon it as a kind of profaneneſs to change its ſhape; as well as profeſs my want of capacity to ſet any thing of this kind in a more beautiful light. Yet I would fain excuſe, what I am not certain to be irreprovable; and muſt deſire the reader of a nice ear, if he meets with any thing not ſo well tun'd, to conſider it as the firſt attempt of a novice; whoſe eagerneſs is apt to precipitate them too much; eſpecially in their firſt performances. Tho'

from

from my pupil's uſual correctneſs in his College Exerciſe, I may venture to pronounce of him what *Ovid* did of himſelf, when prevented from reviewing his works by a leſs fatal occaſion,

Emendaturus, ſi licuiſſet, erat.

Whatever is too puerile, looſe, or ſuperfluous, would certainly in a great meaſure have been prun'd away; and the roughneſſes fil'd and poliſh'd, into a more agreeable luſtre. But, however, I will venture to ſay, as it is, that the images which here and there appear in a looſe dreſs, are no more than copies of the antique drapery, and to any who would be thought free from prudery, may appear without the leaſt exception. If the Muſe is bold and plain in the original, ſhe only puts on an air of freedom, to take an opportunity of diſcovering ſome of her beauties; and if the Copyiſt uſes the ſame artifice, though he miſcarries in his attempt, he ſhould not be blam'd for endeavouring to imitate ſuch a maſter-ſtroke. The great fear is, that he has drawn his copy in too faint a light; which very fault, if he be guilty of it, will ſcreen him from the imputation of having run into the other extreme, and outdone the boldneſs of his original.

For my part, if I may be allow'd to ſpeak without ſuſpicion of partiality, I think it inferior to few of the productions of late years, for the ſublimity of diction and harmony of numbers. Were any of our modern tragedies interlac'd with ſome of the golden wires drawn from theſe love-ſpeeches, how would they glitter and dazzle the ears of the audience, and ſet off the dry and inſipid ſtuff, with which moſt of their coarſe-ſpun pages are lin'd!

Purpureus, latè qui ſplendeat, unus & alter
Aſſuitur Pannus.———

Whereas this is a whole piece of rich glowing ſcarlet; which, cut out into thin ſhreds, and ſtitched upon their Heroes and Princeſſes, would ſhine through a hundred Plays; filling the heads of the Beaux with rapture, and the hearts of the Ladies with tenderneſs; dwelling upon their

their lips in endleſs repetitions, and obliging them to ſpend their agreeable voices in paſſionate encomiums upon the author.

But I have done; I pray this fondneſs may be excus'd: as guardian to a virgin Muſe, I may be allow'd to recommend my charge in my own market phraſe; and provided the world is but civil to that, they have my free leave to take what liberties they pleaſe with my aukward and odd manner of introducing it.

Oxon, March 25, 1720.

THE

FAIR *CIRCASSIAN.*

PROLOGUE.

VIRGINS of *Albion*, ye fair female kind,
Who live to Love's ſoft meaſures well inclin'd,
Whoſe gentler minds have known the pleaſing ſmart,
And felt his venom tickling thro' your heart,
To you the following tender ſcenes I write;
To you, beſt judges of the beſt delight.
Thrice happy he, who could his Muſe employ
To heighten and improve ſo fine a joy.

Hence the ſoft ſex conveniently may find
What pleaſures flow from love with prudence join'd,
What ſweet ideas flutter in the breaſt,
By melting lips what raptures are expreſt;
How ſafe the joys that fill their circling arms,
When men of ſenſe are truſted with their charms.

Nor

Nor let the ſtyle or foreign phraſe offend,
'Twas thus thoſe *Eaſtern* beaux their paſſion penn'd;
The ſentiments were ſuch, in ſuch a pair,
Where he was moſt diſcreet, and ſhe moſt fair:
Tho' we may well conclude, from what is writ,
The man had beauty, and the woman wit.

Attend! the Lady firſt ſhall ſilence break;
'Tis thus the faithful ſtory makes her ſpeak.

CANTO I.

SHE.

O Love! thy mighty burnings who can bear!
What thirſt, what fever can with mine compare!
With ſpeed conduct me to the lovely ſwain
That fires my ſoul, and cauſes all my pain;
'Tis only that dear youth whoſe balmy kiſs
Can mitigate my ſmart with healing bliſs.
O come, my Deareſt, come, and hither bring
Thy lips, adorn'd with all the blooming ſpring.
A thouſand ſweets their fragrant atoms blend;
Which, in a gale of joy, thy breath attend:
Such ſoothing cordials to my ſoul apply;
Heal me with kiſſes, love, or elſe I die;
With poignant taſteful kiſſes, ſuch as thine,
Whoſe flavour far excels the richeſt wine.

At the dear mention of thy charming name,
The bluſhing *Nymphs* diſcloſe their hidden flame;

While

While *Zephyrs* bland the pleaſing accents bear,
Perfumes are wafted thro' the gentle air;
The pow'rful ſound enchants the liſtning grove,
And tender damſels ſicken into love.

Where'er you go, where'er your ſteps you move,
Thither I'm hurried on the wings of love;
His ſilken cords my yielding limbs enthrall,
And I muſt follow my Beloved's call;
But, while ſuch mighty charms as his invite,
My chains are tranſport, and my taſk delight.

What wou'd my Prince, my lovely Tyrant have?
Oh! whither wou'dſt thou draw thy willing ſlave?
I ſee, I ſee the golden doors unfold,
The royal bed, with raptures, I behold;
To thee my virgin bluſhes I reſign,
And, ſpite of inbred modeſty, I'm thine.
Ecſtatic pleaſure fills my gaſping ſoul,
As wines, profuſely pour'd, o'erflow the bowl:
O ſtay, my flitting ſenſes, and record
The bliſs theſe momentary joys afford;
Yes, to my kind endearments I'll be true,
And give thy wondrous love its praiſes due.

Ye *Tirzan* Maids, whoſe ſkins allure the ſight,
With milky fields of pure unblemiſh'd white,
My artleſs beauties, tho' compar'd with you,
They ſeem to fade and give a browner hue,
Are beauties ſtill, and only look leſs fair,
Sunburnt and tarniſh'd with the noontide air.

I, of ſix daughters, was the lateſt born,
My mother's darling, but my ſiſters ſcorn;
My op'ning bloom with jealous eyes they view'd,
And fell revenge their envious minds purſu'd;
Me lonely to the diſtant hills they ſend,
Helpleſs myſelf, the vineyards to defend:
Where ſouthern blaſts, and rays of ſcorching heat,
Did on my face and tender boſom beat.
Yet I, with patience, in their vineyards lay
Whole dewy nights, and watch'd 'em all the day:
Ah me! my own, but ill ſecur'd the while,
To bold rapacious Love became a ſpoil.
Rudely he leapt the mounds, the fence deſtroy'd,
Nor ceas'd 'till with the budding cluſters cloy'd.

Tell me, my lovely Spoiler, thy retreat;
I now forgive; for oh! the theft was ſweet.
If you, a Prince, will grace the ſhining Court,
Let me, your ſlave, among your train reſort:
Or if, in ſhepherds weeds, you'll humbly deign
To feed your flock along th' extended plain;
Tell me beneath what coolly ſpreading ſhade
At noontide hours thy lovely limbs are laid;
Tell me, my charmer, leſt I chance to ſtray
Among the ſhepherds tents, and loſe my way.

H E.

O faireſt of thy ſex! to hear thy voice
The ſhepherds and their ſheep alike rejoice;
Whoſe bleatings from the plain ſalute thine ear,
And tell the flocks and cottages are near:

The

The little path their cloven feet have trod
Will bring thee to thy longing ſwain's abode;
There may thy kidlings browze the ſhrubby green,
And we lie ſhelter'd in the leafy ſcene.

How gracefully, my Love! thy charms appear!
How unaffected all thy motions are?
Like art, thy very negligences ſhine,
And beauty moves in every ſtep of thine.
So tread the manag'd ſteeds with comely gait,
Harneſs'd to draw the gilded coach of ſtate.
Whoſe eaſy ſhapes in juſt proportion riſe,
And gratify the pleas'd ſpectator's eyes.
Tranſparent pendents, with a brilliant light,
Adorn thy cheeks and point 'em to the ſight:
The chains that circle round thy neck with gold,
In ſtronger links the fatal gazers hold.
Haſte, haſte, ye Nymphs, with curious fingers ply
The loom, and interweave the various dye;
Let flow'rs of ſilver round the borders ſhine,
Mixt with a running train of golden twine;
With theſe adorn my Fair, for vulgar ſight;
But me her native charms alone delight.

SHE.

How my perfumes, by cloſe embraces preſt,
Fly out and hang upon my Charmer's veſt!
And, while he banquets at the royal board,
To all around a fragrant ſcent afford.
But, when in amorous folds our boſoms meet,
My love himſelf is like rich odours ſweet;

Grateful

Grateful as myrrh he dwells upon my breaſt,
And ſooths my panting ſoul to downy reſt.

Who can thy manly graces truly paint,
Or how deſcribe, where all deſcription's faint!
Thy charms the reſt of human kind ſurpaſs,
As loftier vines excel the lowly graſs;
Or, as among the twiſting vines is ſeen
The cluſter'd camphire with ſuperior green.
Oh! how tranſcendently my love is fair!
To paint his beauties, what ſhall I compare!
How languiſhing his eyes! like cooing doves,
Emitting at each glance their mutual loves.

Behold, my life, our dear expected bed
With coverlets of lovely verdure ſpread:
Columns of cedar, of the choiceſt grain,
In rows the ſilken canopy ſuſtain;
Of inlaid fir the level floor; above,
The vaulted cieling glows with pictur'd love.

CANTO II.

HE.

A Bloom like thine attends the vernal roſe,
Such white the lily of the valley ſhows.
As theſe among the briers diſtinguiſh'd ſtand,
So you excel the daughters of the land.

SHE.

SHE.

And you, my Prince, ſo eminently fair,
Above the brighteſt ſons of men appear,
As the pomegranate, with its golden rind,
Exceeds the neighb'ring trees of ſilvan kind.
Under his ſhade with ſweet delight I lay,
Protected kindly from the ſultry day;
His fruits, with eager appetite, I eat,
Indulg'd my taſte, and cool'd my fainting heat.

Me and my charmer, now, from noontide bow'rs,
To ſpend in various ſcenes our bliſsful hours,
Love to the banquetting pavilion brings,
And o'er our heads unfurls his trembling wings.
His ſilken banner hovers in the air,
And Love diſplays himſelf emblazon'd there.
With fev'riſh heat he ſeizes every part,
Burns in my veins, and revels in my heart.
O bring, of cool ſherbet, an ample bowl,
Allay my flame, and pour it on my ſoul;
My ebbing life with ſpritely fruits repair,
And ſooth my raging breaſt, for love is there.

Yet oh! how ſoft, how pleaſant is the bed!
When on his arm I lean my loveſick head:
On his left arm my loveſick head I place,
His right infolds me with a warm embrace.
Soft, I adjure you, by the nimble fawns,
And hinds that bound acroſs the flow'ry lawns,
Ye ſportive damſels, that ye ſoftly move,
Nor with your voices wake my ſleeping love.

Hark!

Hark! thro' the dawn a heav'nly muſick breaks,
It thrills my ſoul, for my beloved ſpeaks.
Up, like the bounding hart, he ſprings, he flies,
And thro' the lattice darts his radiant eyes:
To me he calls, Ariſe! ariſe! my fair;
Calm is the morning, and ſerene the air;
The wintry cold is gone, the genial Spring
Provokes the flow'rs to blow, the birds to ſing:
The wanton turtle, in the neighb'ring grove,
Sits cooing, and renews his tale of love:
Behold! the pregnant fig begins to ſhoot,
The vine in cluſters yields its purple fruit;
All Nature ſmiling welcomes in the day:
Ariſe, my lovely Fair, and come away.

HE.

From the cool grottos of the rock I hear
My charmer's voice, and bleſs my raviſh'd ear.
Come forth, my dove, complete thy ſwain's delight,
And give thy beauteous perſon to his ſight.

Haſte, haſte, ye nimble hunters, ſpread the net,
With many a toil the vineyards 'round beſet,
The wily foxes take, and from the vines
Avert the little vermin's fell deſigns:
Our vineyards now their nobleſt grapes produce,
The ripen'd cluſters ſwell with purple juice.

SHE.

I am my Prince's, and my Prince is mine,
Link'd with a mutual love our hearts combine;

Among

Among the lilies he abides all day,
Himſelf as fair, himſelf as ſweet as they.

The dews deſcend, the duſky clouds ariſe,
Night draws her ſable curtain o'er the ſkies:
Return, my wand'ring Paramour, return;
With me repoſe, and wait the coming morn.
Fly to my arms, and let thy nimble ſpeed,
The mountain roe or the wild hart exceed.

CANTO III.

SHE.

THE buſy world is huſh'd in ſilent night,
The ſilver Moon diſplays her paler light;
When ſleepleſs on my bed I lie alone,
For ah! the partner of my ſoul is gone.
In vain I ſend my ſearching hands around,
My lovely wanderer is no where found.
Inward I grieve, and with confuſed haſte
My mantle o'er my ſhoulders ſlightly caſt.
Then thro' the city run, with eager pace,
And ſeek my fugitive from place to place.
Breathleſs and faint I range o'er ev'ry ſtreet,
And move, with pain, my tender falt'ring feet.
The nightly watch I hail, and thus enquire,
Saw you the object of my ſoul's deſire?
They knew not of him: ſcarce from them I paſt,
But ſtrait I found, and held my charmer faſt.

Around

Around his neck my longing arms I flung,
Flew to his lips, and on his beauties hung:
Then to my mother's houſe my captive led,
And fondly drew him to the genial bed.

Ye daughters of the land paſs gently by,
Behold my Love, but with a ſilent eye:
I charge you, by the hinds and foreſt roes,
Not to diſturb him in his ſoft repoſe.

See! from the ſecret bow'r of Love he comes,
The ambient air is fill'd with his perfumes;
Where'er he goes, he breathes a ſpicy breeze,
And wafts ambroſial fragrance thro' the trees.

Behold his bed! the guards around it ſtand,
Threeſcore, the ſtouteſt ſons of all the land:
Their valiant breaſts are ſtampt with many a ſcar,
At home rever'd, and terrible in war;
Each on his thigh a mighty ſabre wears,
To free the night from falſe alarming fears.
Pillars, with ſilver cornice wrought above,
Whoſe baſe is gold, ſuſtain the rich alcove:
Sweet woods of Lebanon the frame compoſe,
The lofty canopy with purple glows
The middle, pav'd with downy Love, invites,
The virgin nymphs to taſte its ſoft delights.

Approach, fond Maids, and ſee my lovely King
Crown'd with the beauties of the gaudy ſpring,
The garland, his indulgent mother wove,
Againſt the ſolemn feſtival of Love.

Isaac Taylor del et fculp.

They knew not of Him: Scarce from them I past,
But straight I found and held my Charmer fast.
Around his Neck my longing Arms I flung
Flew to his Lips, and on his Beauties hung.

CANTO IV.

HE.

YOUR envious thoughts conceal, ye rival throng,
And while I ſing my Fair, attend my ſong.

Her dovelike Eyes ten thouſand charms diſpenſe,
Breathing at once both love and innocence.
Behold! adown her Neck the wavy locks
Friſk, like exulting kids o'er *Gilead*'s rocks.
Her ivory Teeth in beauteous order ſtand,
Like ſheep new-waſh'd and whiten'd on the ſtrand;
When, dropping from the flood their ſnowy ſkins,
Each with their lambs appears, and each with twins.
Her Lips like threads of ſcarlet brightly glow;
In ſweeteſt ſounds her moving accents flow.
Around her Cheeks ſoft circling treſſes ſhine,
Juſt as the tender ringlets of the vine,
Round the plump fruit their wanton curls entwine.
Her marble Neck the ſparkling gems adorn,
As blazing *Phoſphor* gilds the roſy morn,
Shap'd like the lofty tow'r in *Sion*'s fields,
Studded and hung with warriors mighty ſhields.
Her Breaſt, where Love and all his Graces dwell,
Pregnant with bloom and rip'ning beauties ſwell;
Like young twin-roes that graze the verdant meads,
With buds juſt ſprouting from their velvet heads.

Hence to the hills of myrrh I'll haſte away,
Where ſpicy breezes round my head ſhall play;
There ſpend in gentle dreams the gloomy night,
Till morning Sun reſtores his golden light.

From rocky *Lebanon* return, my Love,
To *Hermon*'s dewy hill and *Shenir*'s grove,
See from *Amana*'s green and ſhady brow
The diſtant proſpect of the vales below.
Securely hence the ſpotted leopard view,
Nor fear the rugged lion's brindled hue.

O maid divinely fair! whoſe every part,
Like pointed lightning melts my raviſh'd heart;
Fill'd with your love I loath the charms of wine,
Nor for the vineyard's purple ſtores repine.
So ſweet you breathe, that whereſoe'er you go,
The gales of ſpicy *Saba* ſeem to blow.

Thy kindly lips a luſcious juice diſtil,
And every kiſs with liquid honies fill:
With ſcents of *Lebanon* thy veſture crown'd,
Scatters reviving odours all around:
The various ſweets which feed the thymy bee,
My dear, my lovely Princeſs, are in thee.

The garden thus, ſome ſpot of pleaſure, lies,
Inclos'd for privacy from vulgar eyes;
In thee, each flow'r uprears its colour'd head,
Soft vernal airs the bloomy buds diſpread;

Joy

Joys ever ſmiling in thy glances play,
As trembling ſtreams reflect the gilded day.
Spikenard and cinnamon, that loves the vale,
Rich thural fruits, in thee, their ſweets exhale:
Saffron, with *Caſſia*'s orient precious oil,
Supply'd by bleſt *Arabia*'s fruitful ſoil,
Whoſe ſpicy rind, with ſmelling gum diſtent,
Breathes thro' the air a kind balſamic ſcent:
While fragrant dews in fleecy vapours riſe,
And balmy clouds perfume the azure ſkies.

SHE.

Awake, O *Zephyr*, or thou ſouthern breeze,
In gentle murmurs fan the branchy trees;
With ſoothing breath upon my garden blow,
That grateful ſmells from every plant may flow.
Let my Beloved, in the cooly ſhade,
On beds of flow'rs repoſe his loveſick head;
Or with delicious fruitage pleaſe his taſte,
Be fill'd with joy, and bleſs the kind repaſt.

CANTO V.

HE.

DElights ſo ſweet the ſprings and grottos give,
That in thy garden I would ever live.
Where'er I turn, enchanting ſcenes ariſe,
To glad my ſoul, and entertain my eyes.
I came, my fair, I came a willing gueſt,
On thy delicious pleaſant fruits to feaſt:

Of gums and myrrh I robb'd each ſpicy tree,
I ſipt the balmy labours of the bee:
For me the vine with purple cluſters glow'd,
With milk the nut, the peach with nectar flow'd:
O here, my Fair, for ever let us ſtay,
And ſpend in Love and Wine the live-long day.

SHE.

I ſleep, but ſtill my liſt'ning fancy wakes,
A voice informs me my Beloved ſpeaks;
"To thy dear arms, he cries, my lovely Fair,
"Receive me from the dark inclement air:
"The vapours fall, the driſly dews diſtil,
"The drops of night my locks with moiſture fill;
"Ariſe, my Fair, unfold the bolted doors,
"Ariſe, 'tis I, thy Wanderer implores."
Alas! the dark'ning ſhades my ſandals hide,
My mantle's negligently thrown aſide;
Can I now find it? or defile again
My feet juſt waſh'd, and from the bathing clean?
Yet will I come all barefoot and undreſt,
And claſp thee dropping to my warmer breaſt.

Upon the lock my Prince's fingers move,
The ſound diſſolves my pitying ſoul to love:
I roſe, I flew with ſpeed to let him in,
But too much haſte obſtructed my deſign;
O'er ev'ry bolt my wand'ring fingers ſtray
Perfum'd, and leave ſweet odours by the way.
But when I open'd, ah! my Love was gone,
Tir'd out with my delay, he had withdrawn.

Sore

Sore on my mind the diſappointment hung,
My ſoul regret and ſharp vexation ſtung.
Again my mournful voice I ſent around,
But only Echo babbled to the ſound.
Then madly thro' the ſilent ſtreet I ran,
Hoping to find the dear excluded man:
Alone I hurried on my giddy flight,
Nor fear'd the lurking dangers of the night.
The watch, to whom I tenderly complain'd,
With foul reproach my ſpotleſs honour ſtain'd:
My looſe attire the ſentinels deſcry'd,
And rudely would have drawn my veil aſide.
Pity my caſe, ye virgins of the plain,
Whene'er ye take, reſtore my wand'ring Swain:
For him I languiſh, and my loveſick mind
Without his preſence no relief can find.

CHORUS of VIRGINS.

How bleſt, how more than bleſt the happy Swain!
For whom ſo fine a creature can complain.
Deſcribe, thou Fair, this partner of thy breaſt,
Show us how he ſo far excels the reſt;
O ſay what charms, with ſuch ſuperior grace,
Finiſh his perſon, and adorn his face.

SHE.

His face with far tranſcendent beauty glows,
As the rich ſtandard in the ſquadron ſhows;
His charms ſuch bright diſtinguiſh'd luſtre wear,
Among ten thouſand he'd the chief appear.
A youthful red with intermingled white
Sets off his features in a pleaſing light;

Shining his hair, and of a raven black,
In waving ringlets falls adown his back:
Arm'd with a tender languiſhment his eyes
Pleaſe while they wound, and kill without ſurprize:
So ſoft, and ſo alluring, turtles look,
That bill and coo beſide the purling brook.
His blooming cheeks reſemble vernal flow'rs,
Warm'd with the Sun and plumpt with *April* ſhow'rs.
His melting lips like new-blown roſebuds meet,
Bedew'd and dropping with a balmy ſweet.
But oh! his fragrant kiſſes who can tell!
So much beyond deſcription they excel.
Where can his matchleſs hand a rival find?
So turn'd the fingers, and ſo fitly join'd!
Rings for embelliſhment by ſome are worn;
His finer hands the very gems adorn.
His ſkin like poliſh'd ivory, ſmooth and fair,
His veins like rows of inlaid ſapphires are;
His ſhapely legs like marble pillars, hold
The fabric riſing from a baſe of gold.
His form a proſpect ſo inviting wears,
As crown'd with cedars *Lebanon* appears,
When with the ſloping Sun 'tis gilded bright,
And bleſſes with its ſmiles the diſtant ſight.

Such is my Love, ye virgins, ſuch the ſwain
That gives me pleaſure with alternate pain.

CANTO

CANTO VI.

CHORUS.

BRIGHT Maid, ah! whither is thy Charmer gone,
And left thee here defenceleſs and alone?
Tell us, that we may range the ſtreets, the grove,
Or garden, till we find the man you love.

SHE.

Sure to the garden he has bent his flight,
For there's his pleaſure and his ſoul's delight;
Nor wonder that all night he revels there,
A wilderneſs of ſpice perfumes the air;
Citrons above, and fragrant flow'rs beneath,
In ev'ry walk their grateful odours breathe:
Fruits with delicious pulp his thirſt appeaſe,
And riſing lilies form his couch of eaſe.
Happy, if while he views the pleaſing ſcene,
Some tender thoughts of me break in between.

HE.

What other object can admittance find,
While you, dear bright idea, fill my mind.
Shou'd *Tirzah* with her gilded turrets riſe,
The landſkip paint, and mingle with the ſkies;
Place but my Fair, my beauteous Princeſs near,
Her charms the finer proſpect wou'd appear,

Shou'd armies march along in meet array,
Their ſpears advance, their enſigns wide diſplay;
Her eyes would more exalted glories dart,
With more ſurprize would thrill the gazer's heart.
Nouriſh'd by their propitious beams I live,
Yet ſcarce can bear the ſplendor that they give:
So ſhines the morning ſun with kindly light,
But who can view his blaze without an aching ſight?

Unnumber'd females, of a form divine,
The ſoft ſeraglio's private walls confine;
Where blooming virgins ripen to deſire,
And bright Sultanas glow with practis'd fire:
Oft, as I ſigh amidſt the beauteous throng
For all by turns, but not for any long,
From charm to charm with eager guſt I rove,
Reſolv'd to taſte variety of love;
But ſoon as I behold my heav'nly Fair,
My wand'ring fancy ſtops, and ſettles there,
The beauties of the ſex I find in one,
For ſhe's a magazine of charms alone,
The ſlighted nymphs yet bleſs her with their voice,
And Envy's ſelf approves the happy choice.

But who is this, that with her glorious eyes,
Looks like the morn, and emulates the Skies?
Fair as the moon, reflecting ſilver light,
Strong as the golden ſun, and beamy bright.
So glittering ſpears that gild the dreadful war
With fatal gleams ſhine trembling from afar.

Down

Down in the grove of ſpices as I ſtood,
To view the riſing flow'rs, and pregnant bud;
The trees in verdure green, with bloomy ſhade
And mingled light, a lively landſkip made;
Yet when her diſtant eyes like ſtars appear,
My ready ſenſes ſtart and center there:
Wing'd with deſire, my ſoul outflies the wind,
And the bright ſcene neglected leaves behind.

CANTO VII.

HE.

HER ſlender feet, moſt lovely to behold,
Are cas'd in purple buſkins wrought with gold;
Her well-turn'd legs and full-proportion'd thighs,
Charm by degrees, and with new beauty riſe;
The joints with dimples ſmiling; and above,
The ſpring of bliſs, the bubbling fount of love.
Plump is her belly, but how ſmoothly plain!
Like fields of wheat impregnated with rain;
White as the ſilver lily's ſnowy bloom,
Swelling with dew, and fragrant with perfume.
Her even breaſts like the roe's younglings play,
And panting bound luxuriant as they:
Like velvet buds the crimſon nipples riſe,
Firm to the touch and grateful to the eyes.
Fair as an ivory column's tow'ring height,
Her lofty neck advances to the ſight.
Her eyes reflect the fountain's limpid hue,
Clear as the ſky, and of a heav'nly blue,

Like beams of milder light, divinely fair,
Bound back and braided ſhines her ſilken hair.
The King, in paſſing, her bright form admires,
And feels within his breaſt ſoft kindling fires;
Held in the galleries a ſlave to Love,
Intent he gazes, and forgets to move.

How fair art thou, my Queen, thy charms how bright!
For pleaſure form'd, and finiſh'd for delight:
Tall as the palm thy mien, thy juicy breaſt,
Like cluſt'ring grapes, inviting to be preſs'd.
Let me the ſtraight the ſtately bole aſcend,
Graſp'd in my arms the blooming boughs ſhall bend;
The cluſt'ring vine in my embrace ſhall bleed,
And on thy fragrant balmy breath I'll feed.
Thy lips, whoſe taſte exceeds the richeſt wine,
Shall feaſt my palate and my bliſs refine:
This with new pleaſure will our joys prolong,
Make Dullneſs briſk, and wearied Nature young.

SHE.

Thy tranſports, Love, with what delight I hear!
Such fondneſs raviſhes my liſt'ning ear,
With thee I'll range the diſtant lonely fields,
Where the freſh ſpring eternal pleaſure yields;
Where the low village free from noiſy ſtrife,
Unheeded drinks the real ſweets of life.
There let us lodge, and with the morning ſun
Our courſe of pleaſing toil together run;

Obſerve

J. Wale del. Isaac Taylor sculp.

The King in passing her bright form admires
And feels within his Breast soft kindling Fires
Held in the Galleries a Slave to Love,
Intent He gazes, and forgets to move.

Obſerve the vine its tender bud diſcloſe,
How with young bloom the new pomegranate glows:
How ripening fruits in embryo appear,
The grateful proſpect of a plenteous year.
There, on ſome bank reclin'd, whilſt over head
Embow'ring jaſmines their ſweet odours ſhed,
Claſping and claſp'd with ever twining arms,
Unenvy'd I'll enjoy thy manly charms,
Give up my hidden beauties to thy ſight,
And die in exſtaſies of full delight.

CANTO VIII.

SHE

OH! that thou wert, as once my brother was,
Free and familiar to my fond embrace;
When ſmiling both, both innocent and young,
One breaſt we ſuck'd, and on one boſom hung.
Then, without ſhame, I'd publickly employ
Each paſſing minute to improve my joy.
Graſp thy dear hand, and with a ſiſter's kiſs
Uncenſur'd ſteal a momentary bliſs:
And when, impatient of the raging fire,
A mutual ſenſe ſhould prompt us to retire,
Fearleſs I'd lead thee to my mother's bed,
And on thy boſom lay my raptur'd head:
By her inſtructed in the arts of love,
My paſſion might with apteſt graces move;
While rich collations, crown'd with cordial wine,
To feed our flame, like fuel, ſhou'd combine.

Be gone, ye female ſlaves, my voice obey;
Fly, and attend with ſilence far away:
Perhaps my Love, to ſolitude inclin'd,
In gentle ſlumbers will indulge his mind.

HE.

Lean on my arm, on me thy head recline,
The care to guard my Charmer's ſteps be mine:
Thy poſture now revives the pleaſing thought
How thou wert firſt to my embraces brought.
Beneath a lofty cedar's gloomy ſhade
On the green turf my languid limbs were laid,
Thy mother came, and lo! ſhe led along
Her dear SAPHIRA, beautiful and young;
When ſtraight ſhe gave thee to my longing ſide,
And I with ardour ſeiz'd the bluſhing bride.
The reſt is paſt deſcription;—now no more
Love was outrageous, for his fit was o'er:
I rais'd thee fainting from the fragrant green,
The conſcious print among the flow'rs was ſeen;
My arm, as now, ſuſtain'd thy lovely frame,
Sweet was the pleaſure then, and now the ſame.

SHE.

Light of my life, Oh! take me to thy heart,
Nor ever with thy fond SAPHIRA part:
Oh! ſeal me, ſtamp me on thy tender mind,
And leave the ſtrong impreſſion deep behind.
For Love, like death, his ſceptre ſternly ſways,
Whene'er the tyrant calls, the ſlave obeys.

His

His paſſion, turn'd to jealouſy, will rave
Fierce as a whirlwind, cruel as the grave,
For ever burnt and burning with deſire,
As coals that glow with unconſuming fire.
Let guſhing brooks and ſwelling torrents roll
Their cooling waters o'er the love-ſick ſoul,
Yet will ſurvive the bright unſully'd flame,
Its vigour lively, and its heat the ſame.
Ranſack the ſolid globe for wealth, and ſweep
The ſecret valleys of th' unfathom'd deep,
Give all to Love and bribe him to be kind,
Yet ſtill you'll feel his fetters on your mind:
Whate'er you ſtake, his value's ſtill above,
And nothing balances but Love for Love.

H E.

Then, be it publiſh'd thro' the ſpacious Eaſt,
How much, how dearly SOLOMON is bleſt.
Shew, how his palaces and temples riſe,
With glittering roofs aſpiring to the ſkies;
Paint his fair gardens, and diſcloſe the groves,
The private ſcenes of his repeated loves;
The purling falls of water to invite
Soft ſlumbers, and divert with freſh delight:
Deſcribe his ivory throne, his pompous ſtate,
With all the gaudy names that ſound him great:
But tell the world that theſe are trifling things
Compar'd to her from whom this pleaſure ſprings,
For grandeur and for glorious fame deſign'd
To awe the vulgar, and amuſe mankind,

Mere

Mere bubbles made for wonder and for ſhow;
His real joys from dear SAPHIRA flow.

And, leſt the dazzling mines from *Ophir* brought
To after-ages ſhould ſuggeſt a thought,
That he, who cou'd command ſo rich a prize,
Might well be bleſt, might well be counted wiſe,
Let future times in laſting verſe be told,
His Fair One made him happy, not his Gold.

SHE.

Sweet are the accents of thy heav'nly voice!
The groves are pleas'd, the liſt'ning ſwains rejoice;
The little birds ſuſpend their flutt'ring wing,
Hover in ſilence, and forget to ſing.
Once more with that enchanting muſick chear
My longing ſoul, my fond expecting ear.
O come with all thy dear delightful charms:
Ruſh on my breaſt, and dart into my arms:
Oh, haſte, my life, and with thy nimbler ſpeed
The mountain roe or the wild hart exceed.

POEMS.

THE MIDSUMMER WISH.

—— Quis me gelidis ſub montibus Hæmi
Siſtat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ! VIRG.

Written when the Author was at Eton *School.*

WAFT me, ſome ſoft and cooling breeze,
To *Windſor*'s ſhady kind retreat,
Where Silvan ſcenes, wide-ſpreading trees,
Repel the Dogſtar's raging heat:

Where tufted graſs, and moſſy beds
Afford a rural calm repoſe;
Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
And fragrant ſweets around diſcloſe.

Old oozy *Thames* that flows faſt by,
Along the ſmiling valley plays;
His glaſſy ſurface chears the eye,
And thro' the flow'ry meadow ſtrays.

His

His fertile banks with herbage green,
  His vales with golden plenty ſwell,
Where'er his purer ſtreams are ſeen,
  The Gods of Health and Pleaſure dwell.

Let me thy clear thy yielding wave
  With naked arm once more divide,
In thee my glowing boſom lave,
  And cut the gently-rolling tide.

Lay me, with damaſk roſes crown'd,
  Beneath ſome oſier's duſky ſhade,
Where water-lilies deck the ground,
  Where bubbling ſprings refreſh the glade.

Let dear *Lucinda* too be there,
  With azure mantle ſlightly dreſt.
Ye Nymphs, bind up her flowing hair,
  Ye Zephyrs, fan her panting breaſt.

O haſte away, fair maid, and bring
  The Muſe, the kindly friend to Love;
To thee alone the Muſe ſhall ſing,
  And warble thro' the vocal grove.

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

WERE I invited to a Nectar Feaſt
In *Heaven*, and *Venus* nam'd me for her gueſt;
Tho' *Mercury* the Meſſenger ſhould prove,
Or her own Son, the mighty God of Love;
At the ſame inſtant let but honeſt *Tom*
From *Sylvia*'s dear terreſtrial lodging come,
With look important ſay----*deſires*----*at three*
Alone----*your company*----*to drink ſome tea.*
Tho' *Tom* were mortal, *Mercury* divine;
Tho' *Sylvia* gave me water, *Venus* wine;
Tho' *Heaven* was here, and *Bow-ſtreet* lay as far
As the vaſt diſtance of the utmoſt ſtar;
To *Sylvia*'s arms with all my ſtrength I'd fly;
Let who would meet the Beauty of the Sky.

To SYLVIA.

STILL let us love, my *Sylvia*, and be wiſe ;
Look grave ſometimes, but in our hearts deſpiſe
The things which formal hypocrites adviſe.
The Sun, whoſe flagging beams decline at night,
Riſes each morn with freſh recruited light:
But we, when once we've ſpent our ſcanty day,
Muſt bid good-night to Pleaſure, Love, and Play,
And ſleep a whole eternity away.
Then while you live, be conſtant to employ
Each ebbing moment in the affairs of joy ;
When privacy permits, and youth requires,
Exert your ſtrength, and light up all your fires ;
Wreſtling detain the Angel of Delight,
And force a bleſſing ere he takes his flight.
Ten thouſand kiſſes let your lips prepare,
The balmy prelude to the lovers war,
Thick as the whirling ſands on *Libya*'s coaſt,
Suck'd in confuſion, and in rapture loſt.

O *Venus!* grant thy ſuppliant ſuch a death ;
O'erwhelm'd in ſtorms like this to loſe his breath.
Or when the fated point of Time draws nigh,
Stretch'd on the ſacred altar let me lie,
Sylvia the Prieſteſs, and the victim I.
As under *Ida*'s ſhades, almighty *Jove*,
Bath'd in the ſweets of ſoft ambroſial love,
Exhauſted lay on *Juno*'s panting breaſt,
Godlike diſſolving to immortal reſt.

To SYLVIA.

SYLVIA, for ever lovely, deareſt maid,
With you compar'd, the lily and the roſe
O'erwhelm'd in grief recline their dewy head,
Nor this ſo pure, nor that ſo blooming ſhows:
In every clime your opening beauties bring
Flora's whole wardrobe, a perpetual ſpring.

Unlock the treſſes of your burniſh'd hair,
Looſe let your ringlets o'er your ſhoulders ſpread,
Thus mix'd, we view them more diſtinctly fair,
Like trails of golden wire on ivory laid.
So *Phœbus* o'er the yielding *Æther* ſtreams,
And ſtreaks the ſilver clouds with brighter beams.

So finely turn'd your poliſh'd eyebrows riſe,
As model'd by young *Cupid*'s heav'nly bow;
And ſure his fatal ſhafts are in your eyes,
Which at the gazing world in ſport you throw.
O Nymph, to eaſe your Lover's throbbing ſmart,
Yield, and prepare for a revenging dart.

Your honied lips, like fair vermilion bright,
Moiſt as *Dione*'s with a balmy ſweet,
Pouting for kiſſes, ſwell to give delight,
And part commodiouſly with mine to meet.
O come, like doves, my *Sylvia*, let us bill,
Foin, thruſt, and parry with ingenious ſkill.

But

But ſtop! for ſo exceſſive is the bliſs,
It ſhoots like poiſon thro' my vital blood,
With pleaſing pain you ſtab at ev'ry kiſs,
O Gods! and torture while you're kindly good.
Too lovely maid! regard my cruel caſe,
And heal me with a full complete embrace.

What roſy odours your ſoft boſom yields!
Heaving and falling gently as you breathe:
Like hills that riſe amidſt fair fertile fields,
With round ſmooth tops and flow'ry vales beneath.
So ſwell the candid *Alps* with fleecy ſnow,
While myrtles bud, and violets bloom below.

Your ſpeech like muſic flows in charming ſtrains,
Your fragrant kiſſes with delight I taſte,
Your touch like lightning trembles thro' my veins,
And 'wakes my fancy to a freſh repaſt.
Raptures on raptures, an eternal round,
And joys on joys ſucceſſively abound.

If the fam'd Pow'rs ſuch full fruition ſhare
In tranſports which their appetites refine,
If Love and Pleaſure are the buſineſs there,
What bliſs have they more exquiſite than mine?
Sylvia, like Heav'n, does every ſenſe improve,
And melts down ev'ry paſſion into Love.

HEATHEN PRIESTCRAFT.

FROM THE

First Book of Ovid's Faſtorum.

I Grant that ever ſince the world began
The Gods claim'd worſhip from their creature man;
But then, in offerings frugal as in food,
Their altars ſtood unſtain'd with victim blood;
They offer'd beſt who practis'd to be good.
As yet no foreign ſhip with ſpices fraught
Had myrrh and frankincenſe from *India* brought.
Far off conceal'd along *Euphrates'* ſhore
Thoſe balmy ſhrubs their fragrant bloſſoms bore.
Unvalu'd the rich cordial *Crocus* grew,
Or only valu'd for its purple hue.
The Prieſts their virtues firſt perceiv'd, and then
The God requir'd 'em at the hands of men.
Before, green pot-herbs of good ſavory ſmell,
The product of each garden, ſerv'd as well;
Or branching laurel, crackling as it blaz'd,
In blueiſh fumes the angry Gods appeas'd.
Freſh garlands, woven from the flow'ry bank,
Were deem'd oblations of ſufficient rank:
Violets, if twiſted in among the reſt,
Brib'd high, and ev'n pronounc'd the ſuppliant bleſt.

Sharp tools to kill and carve the ſlaughter'd beaſt,
Were ſince invented by ſome Butcher Prieſt;

Who

Who wiſely finding that the fleſh was good,
Feign'd that the Gods muſt be appeas'd with blood.
Ceres in wrath demands the routing ſwine,
Bacchus the goat, for nibbling of his vine.
The ſheep and ox, accus'd of no offence,
Seem'd to be doom'd without the leaſt pretence;
But our diſcreet divines declare that theſe
Do, beſt of all, the pow'rs immortal pleaſe;
That the Gods leave their Heaven for ſuch a treat;
True; for broil'd cutlets are delicious meat.

But yet ſometimes, to ſhift the artful ſcene,
Some Gods are honour'd with a beaſt unclean;
If all which they requir'd were good to eat,
'Twou'd make mankind ſuſpect it all a cheat;
Some rites indiff'rent muſt be duly mixt,
To ſhuffle with the reſt, and come betwixt:
Thus argues the deſigning crafty Prieſt,
And thus conceals and carries on the jeſt.
Therefore a dog at *Trivia*'s altar dies;
Or a dead horſe may be a ſacrifice;
Such as the *Perſians* offer to the Sun,
Becauſe he's active, and well-made to run.
For, whether all the juggling pranks they do
Are advantageous to themſelves, or no,
The Prieſthood ſtill give reaſons for each trick,
And make 'em all ſignificant alike.
Gallant *Priapus*, guardian of our fruit,
An aſs requires, that aukward heavy brute.
But hear the cauſe his reverend Clergy give;
'Tis no unpleaſant legend, as I live.

When

When ancient *Greece* triennial honours paid
To *Bacchus* with the ivy-circled head,
Each rural Deity was made a gueſt,
And chear'd with mirthful pleaſantries the feaſt.
Pan and his crew of luſtful Satyrs came,
Whoſe youthful blood burnt with venereal flame:
For the bright Nymphs, from every ſtream and grove
Aſſembled there, inſpir'd their hearts with love.
There old *Silenus* came, in uſual ſtate,
Aſtride his aſs, ridiculouſly great.
There the rough * Patron of the gardens, too,
With well-hung enſign march'd expos'd to view;
And came where all the company was laid
On moſſy beds beneath a ſpreading ſhade.
Their wine by *Bacchus* was ſupply'd alone,
But each was crown'd with garlands of his own.
A limpid brook roll'd thro' the matted graſs,
At once to cool and qualify the glaſs.
The woody Nymphs, part with looſe flowing hair,
Their ſnowy necks, and heaving breaſts all bare,
Part dreſt, and with embroided treſſes crown'd,
Their ſhapely legs in ſilver buſkins bound,
With lily hands, the fragrant dinner dreſt,
And added to the flavour of the feaſt.
The gentle breeze that wav'd their thin attire,
Fan'd in the rural Gods an amorous fire.
There *Pan*, his bow begirt with mountain pines,
Ogling, in ſighs his captive heart reſigns.

---

* *Priapus.*

Silenus,

Silenus, too, with untam'd luſt was ſtung,
Whoſe everlaſting lewdneſs keeps him young.
But ſtiff *Priapus*, Warden of the Groves,
With *Lotis* ſmitten, only *Lotis* loves:
On her his wiſhes and his eyes are fix'd,
And all his talk with double meanings mix'd.
But Beauty's often temper'd with Diſdain,
The Fair with ſcorn regards her Lover's pain:
She awes the letcher with a diſtant pride,
And haughty ſmiles his public flame deride.

Now night advanc'd, and wine and revels done,
Eaſy Repoſe with gentle Sleep came on.
The burning God obſerv'd where, tir'd with play,
Lotis beneath a ſhady maple lay;
Stretch'd out ſupine upon a graſſy bed,
Upon a flow'ry turf reclin'd her head.
He roſe, and, ſilent as the ſteps of death,
On tiptoe ſoftly ſtealing, held his breath:
Till he had crept within the bliſsful bow'r
That gave his utmoſt wiſhes to his pow'r.
And now, afraid leſt ev'ry moving air,
E'en her own breath might wake the ſlumb'ring Fair,
The neighb'ring turf with tender care he preſt;
Still lay the Nymph o'erwhelm'd in downy reſt:
O'erjoy'd the God her veſture upward drew,
And to the goal with furious vigour flew;
When the grave pad of old *Silenus* bray'd,
And moſt unluckily his plot betray'd.
The Nymph awaken'd, ſtrove with all her might
To ſtop the eager dotard's fond delight,

And, rolling ſidelong from his hot embrace,
Scream'd out and fill'd with loud alarms the place.
The ſilver Moon, juſt breaking from a cloud,
Show'd where the God in ſtrange confuſion ſtood,
Too well provided for the feats of Love,
And quite expos'd to all the laughing grove.

For this the Aſs was victim'd, and from hence
All Aſſes ſuffer for that one's offence.

The feather'd warblers, whoſe melodious lay
Gladdens the ſhade from ev'ry leafy ſpray,
With love and innocence ſecurely bleſt,
Might hope to 'ſcape the bloody-minded Prieſt.
But theſe, they ſay, the Gods command to kill,
As creatures that reveal the heav'nly will;
When in ſwift flight they ſtretch their painted wing,
Or when they raiſe their thrilling voice and ſing.
Thus from her mate the ſpotleſs turtle torn
Is often to the flaming altar borne;
Thus geeſe for *Io*'s ſplendid feaſt are carv'd,
Tho' once a gooſe the Capitol preſerv'd.
Nor aught avails the cock his coral creſt,
His ſhining plumes, and gloſſy varying breaſt,
Since his ſhrill note, which wakes the morning light,
Offends the gloomy Goddeſs of the Night.

Thus ſays the Prieſt, providing at his wiſh
A roaſted gooſe, that very ſpecial diſh.
And, to reward his ſacerdotal toil,
For him the cock, for him the pigeons broil.

THE

NAKED TRUTH.

FROM THE

Second Book of Ovid's Faſtorum.

OF the gay *Silvan* God that widely roves,
O'er fair *Arcadia*'s plains, and ſhady groves,
That haunts each gurgling ſpring, and flow'ry dale,
Where opening *Tempe* ſpreads its happy vale,
Where green *Cyllene* rears her lofty head,
And ſtreaming *Ladon* cuts the graſſy mead,
Of *Faunus* is my ſong, aſſiſt my verſe,
O woody Saint, while I thy rites rehearſe.

Rome, for ſtrict piety of old renown'd,
With flowrets ſweet thy verdant altars crown'd,
With thee her wide *Pantheon* pleas'd to grace;
Tho' now inferior Saintlings fill the place.
At thine, the giddy ſuperſtitious crowd,
As now at their proceſſions, ſtar'd and bow'd.
On *Faunus*' Feaſt they ſanctify'd the day
With Rubric, Temple, Carnival, and Play.
But ſure their cult indecently they paid,
And Nature's privacies too much diſplay'd;
Uncloath'd thy Prieſts their myſtic meaſures trod,
And naked honour'd thee their naked God.
Forgive the Muſe, if ludicrouſly bold
The wanton maid thy ſecrets dare unfold;

If

If ſhe, jocoſe, the fabled cauſe relates,
To ſee his Clergy cloath'd why *Faunus* hates.

'Twas Summer; *Phœbus*, with declining ray,
Began to ſlope the tedious ſultry day;
When *Faunus*, circled with his horned throng,
On the ſoft turf ſecurely lay along.
Here from the chace fatigu'd, and faint with heat,
Under the ſhade he ſought a cool retreat.
No ſunny beams here pierc'd the leafy trees,
Which nor excluded quite the fanning breeze;
The fanning breeze among the branches blew,
And open'd, to the North, a diſtant view.
From hence the goatiſh Deity deſcry'd
Alcides walking with his *Lydian* bride,
When ſtarting, with an amorous look he gaz'd,
And while he look'd, her blooming beauty prais'd.
O happy ſwain! he, gently ſighing, ſaid,
Who uncontroll'd enjoy ſo bright a maid;
Stop, and with one dear ſight a rival bleſs,
Let me admire the nymph whom you poſſeſs.
And you, brown Mountain Goddeſſes, whoſe charms
Fade in the light which now my boſom warms,
No more with ill-plac'd Love I'll kneel to you;
Adieu, brown Mountain Goddeſſes, adieu.

Thus, as ſhe walk'd, her air and gay attire
Fed the quick flames of his prevailing fire.
Her ſnowy neck embrown'd with flowing hair,
Like light in ſhades appear'd more brightly fair.
Embroider'd gold her purple manteau grac'd,
A golden girdle bound her ſlender waiſt,

A gilt umbrella *Hercules* upheld,
Which from the Fair the ſcorching beams repell'd.
Now Time, inſenſibly beguil'd with talk,
Brings evening on, and finiſhes their walk:
Heſper's bright lamp flames in the ruddy Weſt,
And ſhews the buſy world 'tis time to reſt.
Down the deſcending mount they take their way,
And winding vineyards o'er the vale ſurvey:
And now are at their cooly grot arriv'd,
By Nature imitating Art contriv'd.
The roof with unhewn pumice vaulted hung,
Round the rough entrance claſping ivy clung.
Near which a purling ſpring that down diſtili'd,
A ciſtern hollow'd with its dropping fill'd.

Here, while the ſervants, with officious haſte,
Prepar'd for ſupper, and the ſide-board plac'd,
The ſprightly Nymph a frolic fancy try'd,
And dreſs'd her rough *Alcides* like a bride.
A crimſon pall, varied with purple hue,
Of fineſt ſilk, ſhe o'er his ſhoulders threw;
Then with her ſcanty girdle wou'd have brac'd
The ample circuit of his brawny waiſt;
And giggled much his limbs ſo large to find,
As in her widen'd plaits were ſcarce confin'd.
Herſelf put on the lion's ſhaggy hide,
The weighty quiver rattled at her ſide;
Then graſp'd the club the mighty hero bore,
Which never felt ſo ſoft a touch before.
Thus for a whim, prepoſterouſly clad,
They ſupp'd, and went to bed in maſquerade:
But lay that night apart, reſolv'd to riſe
And chaſtely pay their morning ſacrifice:

A tribute

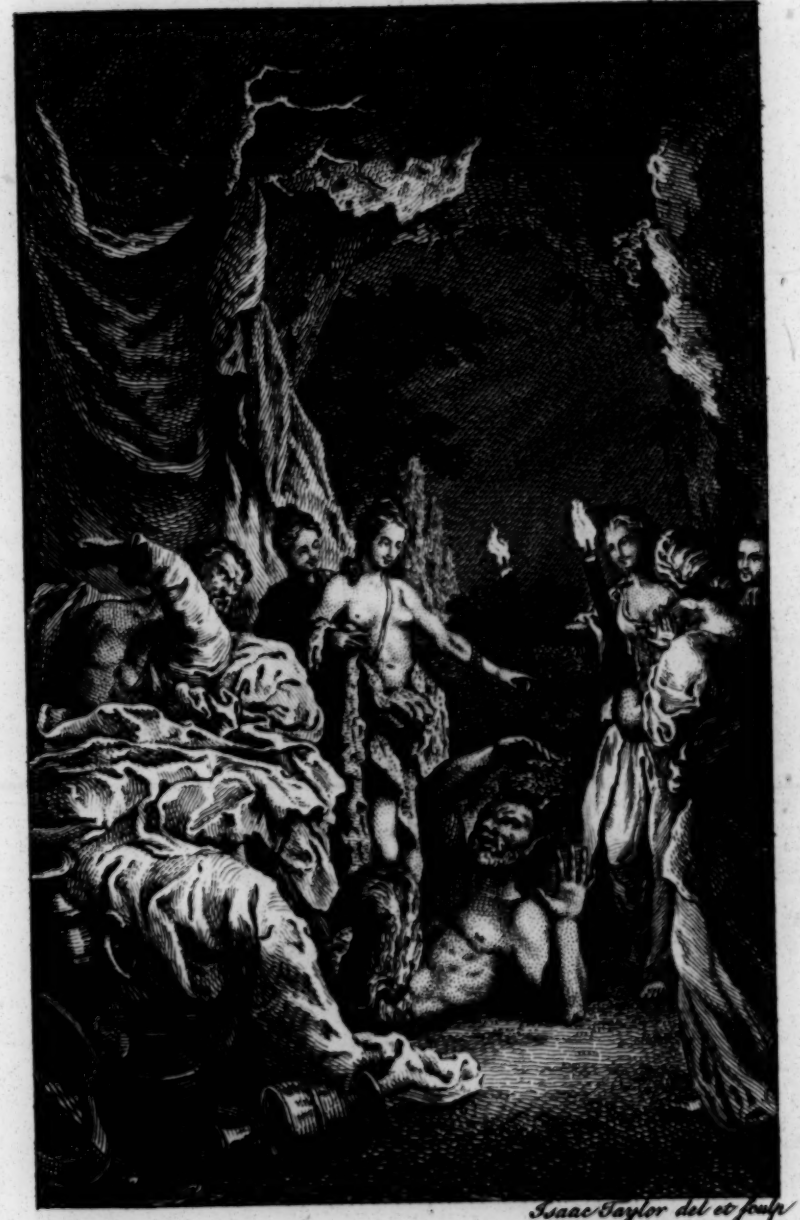
A tribute due to *Bacchus* the Divine,
The Author of all Good, Love, Mirth, and Wine.

Now all was huſh'd, for now 'twas midnight hour,
When *Faunus* ventur'd to the roſy bow'r.
Love, whoſe inſinuating tickling dart
To action can excite e'en woman's heart,
Drove the hot Lover from his ſhady home
On dangerous attempts abroad to roam,
Thro' all the gloomy horrors of the night,
Scorning unmanly fear and pale affright.
And now, the entry to the grotto found,
He ſpread his bawdy hands, and grop'd around.
Here firſt, embalm'd in wine, the ſervants lay,
Careleſs, and ſnor'd the live-long night away.
The blund'ring God, his hopes from hence advanc'd,
To find their quaffing Lord as deep entranc'd,
Arm'd with a greater boldneſs ventur'd in,
And thought to act ſecure the luſcious ſin.
Firſt, by good hap, the bliſsful bed he found,
Which with ſucceſs his wiſhes might have crown'd.
But when will ſublunary creatures dare
To truſt their wants with Providence's care?
Each on his own diſcretion ſtill relies,
And moſt miſtakes, when moſt he thinks he's wiſe.
Thus far'd the God; who, had he not believ'd
His own ſurmiſes, ne'er had been deceiv'd.
For when he felt the ſhaggy lion's hair,
The rugged covering of the comely Fair,
Struck with a ſudden dread he ſtarted back,
As when the ſhepherd in the thorny brake
Treads unawares upon a ſleeping ſnake.

Then, ſtealing forward to th' adjoining couch,
Whoſe ſilk with ſoftneſs met his gentle touch,
He mounted on the ſide that next him lay,
His ſpear advanc'd and ready for the fray.
But lifting up the clothes, and feeling there,
He found huge legs all rough with thickſet hair.
Surpriz'd, and groping farther, ſtill in vain,
His curious ſearch alarm'd the ſturdy ſwain,
Whoſe backſtroke fiſt recoiling at his head,
Tumbled the Sylvan from the lofty bed.
The noiſe diſturb'd the Nymph, who in a fright
Call'd up the ſlaves, and bid them bring a light.
A light was brought; which ſoon diſcover'd all;
Poor *Faunus* bruis'd, and groaning with his fall;
Who ſcarce could raiſe his batter'd limbs from ground:
A ridicule to all the drunken vaſſals round.
Loud laugh'd the well-begotten ſon of *Jove*,
The *Lydian Damſel* laugh'd, to ſee her Love
With uncouth pain diſtort his Satyr's face,
Aſham'd, and limping from th' unlucky place.

The God, by cloaths thus fatally beguil'd,
His hopes betray'd, his amorous fancy ſoil'd,
Hates all attire; and hence his wanton Prieſts
Admit the Naked only to his feaſts.

Then, to refreſh and purify the heart,
Divines would only view each outward part,
But modern *Rome*, to ſcour us all from ſin,
Appoints a prying Prieſt to peep within.
Both bent to know the ſecrets of mankind,
The body thoſe perus'd, but theſe the mind.



Isaac Taylor del et sculp

Whose back stroke Fist recoiling at his Head
Tumbled the Sylvan from the lofty Bed.

ON

FLORINDA,

Seen while ſhe was bathing.

'TWAS Summer, and the clear reſplendent Moon
Shedding far o'er the plains her full-orb'd light,
Among the leſſer Stars diſtinctly ſhone,
Deſpoiling of its gloom the ſcanty night,
When, walking forth, a lonely path I took
Nigh the fair border of a purling brook.

Sweet and refreſhing was the midnight air,
Whoſe gentle motions huſh'd the ſilent grove;
Silent, unleſs when prick'd with wakeful care
Philomel warbled out her tale of love:
While blooming flowers, which in the meadows grew,
O'er all the place their blended odours threw.

Juſt by, the limpid river's cryſtal wave,
Its eddies gilt with *Phœbe*'s ſilver ray,
Still as it flow'd a glittering luſtre gave
With glancing gleams that emulate the day;
Yet, Oh! not half ſo bright as thoſe that riſe
Where young *Florinda* bends her ſmiling eyes.

Whatever pleaſing views my ſenſes meet,
Her intermingled charms improve the theme;
The warbling birds, the flow'rs that breathe ſo ſweet,
And the ſoft ſurface of the dimpled ſtream,
Reſembling in the Nymph ſome lovely part,
With pleaſures more exalted ſeize my heart.

Rapt in theſe thoughts I negligently rov'd,
Imagin'd tranſports all my ſoul employ,
When the delightful voice of her I lov'd
Sent thro' the ſhades a ſound of real joy.
Confus'd it came, with giggling laughter mixt,
And Echo from the banks reply'd betwixt.

Inſpir'd with hope, upborn with light deſire,
To the dear place my ready footſteps tend,
Quick, as when kindling trails of active fire
Up to their native firmament aſcend:
There ſhrouded in the briers unſeen I ſtood,
And thro' the leaves ſurvey'd the neighb'ring flood.

Florinda, with two ſiſter nymphs, undreſt,
Within the channel of the cooly tide,
By bathing ſought to ſooth her virgin breaſt,
Nor could the night her dazzling beauties hide;
Her features, glowing with eternal bloom,
Darted, like *Heſper*, thro' the duſky gloom.

Her hair bound backward in a ſpiral wreath
Her upper beauties to my ſight betray'd;
The happy ſtream concealing thoſe beneath,
Around her waiſt with circling waters play'd;
Who, while the fair one on his boſom ſported,
Her dainty limbs with liquid kiſſes courted.

A thouſand *Cupids* with their infant arms
Swam paddling in the current here and there;
Some, with ſmiles innocent, remark'd the charms
Of the regardleſs undeſigning Fair;

Some,

Some, with their little ebon bows full-bended,
And levell'd ſhafts, the naked girl defended.

Her eyes, her lips, her breaſts exaſtly round,
Of lily hue, unnumber'd arrows ſent;
Which to my heart an eaſy paſſage found,
Thrill'd in my bones, and thro' my marrow went:
Some bubbling upward, thro' the water came,
Prepar'd by Fancy to augment my flame.

Ah Love! how ill I bore thy pleaſing pain!
For while the tempting ſcene ſo near I view'd,
A fierce impatience throb'd in every vein,
Diſcretion fled, and Reaſon lay ſubdu'd;
My blood beat high, and with its trembling made
A ſtrange commotion in the ruſtling ſhade.

Fear ſeiz'd the timorous *Naiads*, all aghaſt
Their boding ſpirits at the omen ſink,
Their eyes they wildly on each other caſt,
And meditate to gain the farther brink;
When in I plung'd, reſolving to aſſwage
In the cool gulph Love's importuning rage.

Ah, ſtay *Florinda!* (ſo I meant to ſpeak)
Let not from Love the loveliеſt object fly!
But ere I ſpoke, a loud combining ſqueak
From ſhrilling voices pierc'd the diſtant ſky:
When ſtraight, as each was their peculiar care,
Th' immortal Pow'rs to bring relief prepare.

A golden cloud deſcended from above,
Like that which whilom hung on *Ida*'s brow,
Where *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of Love,
As then to *Paris*, were conſpicuous now.

Each Goddeſs ſeiz'd her fav'rite charge, and threw
Around her limbs a robe of azure hue.

But *Venus*, who with pity ſaw my flame
Kindled by her own *Amoret* ſo bright,
Approv'd in private what ſhe ſeem'd to blame,
And bleſs'd me with a viſion of delight:
Careleſs ſhe dropt *Florinda*'s veil aſide,
That nothing might her choiceſt beauties hide.

I ſaw *Elyſium* and the milky way
Fair-opening to the ſhades beneath her breaſt;
In *Venus*' lap the ſtruggling wanton lay,
And, while ſhe ſtrove to hide, reveal'd the reſt.
A mole, embrown'd with no unſeemly grace,
Grew near, embelliſhing the ſacred place.

So pleas'd I view'd, as one fatigu'd with heat,
Who near at hand beholds a ſhady bower,
Joyful, in hope amidſt the kind retreat
To ſhun the Day-ſtar in his noontide hour!
Or as when parch'd with droughty thirſt he ſpies
A moſſy grot whence pureſt waters riſe.

So I *Florinda*---but beheld in vain:
Like *Tantalus*, who in the realms below
Sees bluſhing fruits, which to increaſe his pain,
When he attempts to eat, his taſte forego.
O *Venus!* give me more, or let me drink
Of *Lethe*'s fountain, and forget to think.

THE

THE

ROYAL MANUAL.

A

POEM.

Os tenerum pueri, balbumque Poeta figurat:
Torquet ab obſcœnis jam nunc ſermonibus aurem:
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis;
Aſperitatis & Invidiæ corrector & Iræ.

HOR. Ep. ad AUGUSTUM.

I.

HAPPY the Man, whoſe reaſon-tutor'd ſoul,
On acts of rectitude devoutly bent,
Lives, bound by none but the divine controul,
Obſervant of his Maker's high Intent.
No taſk, I ween, diſguſtful; to reſtrain,
From ſpeech opprobrious the wanton tongue;
Not to vex any, or to give them pain
By fraud or violence in tortuous wrong.
O, that the conſtant tenor of my ways
Were, with ſuch careful application, wrought,
That I might, fearleſs, ſpend my ſcanty days
In learning Truth, and doing as I ought.
Then would my heart with grateful joy o'erflow
While I reflected on thy wond'rous law:
Nor wouldſt thou, as with ſteady faith I know,
Thy gracious light from my purſuit withdraw.

II.

See, in his bold career, th' impetuous Youth
Grow gently tractable and mildly good;
When the kind balm of thy ambroſial Truth
Allays his ardour and refines his blood.
Thy laws, thro' Reaſon's optics, he beholds,
Amaz'd; and, raviſh'd with the glorious ſight,
Their ſtriking beauties in his breaſt infolds,
And cheriſhes, with warmth, the ſtrange delight.
In tattling ſtrain, impatient to declare
A bliſs that ſatisfies but never cloys,
With lips, conciliating the liſt'ning ear,
He boaſts of favours and uncommon joys.
Let me, dear Truth, he cries, unſham'd diſplay
The op'ning beauties of thy heav'nly will;
And ev'ry branch of thy tranſporting way,
In ev'ry point, with ardency, fulfill.

III.

Grant me to live a while, thou Good ſupreme;
With no mean view the largeſs I implore:
Thy lovely Wiſdom is my daily Theme;
Let me then live to wonder and adore.
I, ſtranger-like, unknowing and unknown,
An object of compaſſion from the birth,
Like a poor ſhipwreck'd mariner, was thrown,
Helpleſs and weak, upon the wide-ſpread earth.
When, all my wants, thy timely love ſupply'd:
Inſtructed by thy light, my thinking Part,
Beheld, at thy rebuke, the fall of pride,
And ſaw the wringings of the Tyrant's heart.

From

From ſhame of conſcious guilt, O keep me free:
Let me be Good: I wiſh not to be Great:
Nor would exchange my loyalty to thee
For the falſe glitter of monarchic ſtate.

IV.

But, to thy diſpenſations humbly juſt,
I will confeſs my groſs terreſtrial ſhare,
Sometimes, inclining to its native duſt,
Would fain be grovelling and clinging there.
Yet there, thy blending pow'r my ſoul diſcerns;
Ev'n there, thy pleaſure-giving purport ſees;
Thy leſſons, wrapt in ſweet attention, learns;
And revels in the bliſs of thy decrees.
Sometimes unguarded when attack'd by grief,
My tender heart diſſolv'd in ſorrow lies;
Yet then, well-weigh'd, thy meaſures give relief,
And gleams of comfort in my breaſt ariſe.
Falſe fears, avaunt: let heav'n-born Truth appear;
Paſſions, your feuds to her award ſubmit.
Be thou unlock'd my boſom; and prepare,
For the fair gueſt a receptacle fit.

V.

May ſhe, undreſs'd, in all my thoughts preſide;
And, where I doubt, direct me in the way.
While lovely ſhe vouchſafes to be my guide,
From the right paths of life I cannot ſtray.
May no ambition of ſuperfluous gain,
In wealth or pow'r, poſſeſs my anxious mind.
For, while thy precious dictates I maintain,
My ſoul all needful requiſites will find.

From

From vain purſuits avert my curious eye;
  Leſt I incur, unthinking, thy reproof.
Yet, who thy judgments rightly can apply,
  Will find them kindly tend to their behoof.
All thy injunctions let me dearly love:
  O quicken, and from wand'ring keep me free:
Let my reflections turn on things above;
  And all my inclinations point to thee.

VI.

That I may vindicate thy ſacred name,
  And to the unbelieving Fool impart
Mature conviction or inceſſant ſhame,
  Stabliſh thy wholeſome ſtatutes in my heart.
Strong let me reaſon; let me clearly ſpeak
  The things that thy eternal Being prove;
Obvious and plain to all that duly ſeek,
  The ſpring of ſweet benignity and love.
By thee conducted, widely will I roam,
  Nor dread the unrelenting tyrant's hands:
Each realm, where'er I go, ſhall be my home;
  Inſpir'd, in each, I'll publiſh thy commands.
To all, thy councils, rightly underſtood,
  Will miniſter ineffable delight:
And to know Thee, All-pow'rful, Wiſe, and Good,
  With joy will crown the day, with peace the night.

VII.

For, let me ramble whereſoe'er I will,
  Thou Good, I cannot be depriv'd of thee:
Thy active impulſe will attend me ſtill;
  And in thy preſence I ſhall ever be.

Sneer,

Sneer, then, ye ſhallow witlings, with falſe taſte,
What you miſcall credulity, deride:
So firm the pillar of my hope is plac'd,
I ſcorn your ſcorning, and deſpiſe your pride.
Yet, on your efforts vain when I reflect,
And view, with horror, your impending fate;
Humane concern outweighing cold neglect
Inclines me to lament your woful ſtate.
Would ye be happy? firſt, be good and wiſe;
Know yourſelves, Mortals; was my daily ſong.
For Love, exchange your ſavage cruelties;
For juſtice, your ill-cuſtom'd ways of wrong.

VIII.

O Thou, that, ev'ry where, art ev'ry thing,
In all thy ways immenſe and unconfin'd;
To thee my vow'd oblations let me bring;
The beſt I have, an inoffenſive mind.
When my late evil habits I review,
Weigh'd in the ballance of thy equal law,
With double ſpeed my duty I purſue,
And to thy teſtimonies nearer draw.
Let others rapine, by injuſtice, gain;
And wake and watch t'augment their wretched ſtore;
Thy love my midnight thoughts ſhall entertain:
Grant me this pleaſure, and I aſk no more.
Be my companions ſuch as juſtly fear
Thy well-known ordinances to tranſgreſs:
Who thy wiſe edicts ſeriouſly revere,
Diſcern thy goodneſs, and thy pow'r confeſs.

IX. Thy

IX.

Thy various dealings with ſuch grace abound,
That ev'ry inſtance of thy heav'nly will
May, for thy vaſſals, be convenient found;
And that thy puniſhments are favours ſtill.
Before thy ſcourge chaſtis'd my careleſs fleſh,
Not heeding thee, I negligently ſtray'd;
But, by thy cenſure quicken'd, I afreſh
Perceiv'd thy righteous judgments, and obey'd.
Soon as I fell a victim to the proud,
Whoſe heart, by curdling rancour, was obdur'd,
The juſtice of thy ways I ſtrait allow'd
And future peace by growing wiſe ſecur'd.
I felt, and own it, with a grateful ſenſe,
That love inwrapt in thy correction dwells;
And that the wealth thy wiſe conſults diſpenſe,
Millions of mine-embowel'd ore excells.

X.

My outward fabric, and my inward frame
Exiſt purſuant to thy mighty word;
Let me then honour thy myſterious name,
Nor ſlight the joys thy living works afford.
I know that both, of texture weak and frail,
Haſte on to diſſolution ev'ry hour,
Nay, ev'ry moment; and would nought avail
Unleſs ſuſtain'd by thy reſiſtleſs pow'r.
My gracious Maker, let thy further aid
Thy ſlave, abetting in all health, preſerve;
That I may wait thy promiſe undiſmay'd,
Nor ever, meanly, from duty my ſwerve.

Then

Then they, that like the module of thy laws,
And dare be virtuous and in reas'ning free,
Will, in ſupport of ſuch a glorious cauſe,
Chuſe to aſſociate themſelves with me.

XI.

Yet the ſharp pangs ſucceſſive to my crimes
So deeply have impreſs'd my grief-full mind;
That, when I ruminate on former times,
I faint, and long thy healing love to find.
With ſore regret I ſee my wrinkled ſkin,
Like leather, ſhrivel'd by the wintry froſt;
And my ſad ſpirit, when I look within,
O'erwhelm'd with ſhame, and in confuſion loſt.
Then, ting'd with bitterneſs, my doleful heart
To thy tribunal for redreſs applies;
Nor rightly mindful who or what thou art,
Deprecates vengeance on its enemies.
But, to thy juſt diſpoſal I ſubmit;
For favour to myſelf, I only call:
On thee I'll wait with reſignation fit,
Thy aſſur'd kindneſs will attone for all.

XII.

The beauteous Heav'ns thy laſting Truth declare,
With conſtellations rang'd in meet array;
The ſea-bound Earth, with verdure freſh and fair,
Proclaims the wiſdom of thy mighty ſway.
Obedient to the rules by thee decreed,
Their courſe, with ſet viciſſitudes they run:
And, though they ſeem to vary, ſtill proceed
In the ſame order as they firſt begun.

Nature,

Nature, with all her workings, is thy book;
The patent that contains thy ſov'reign will:
Let me therein, with cloſe inſpection, look,
And ev'ry precept faithfully fulfill.
Strange! with what admiration we ſurvey
The antique labours of barbaric hands;
Which, howe'er ſlowly, moulder and decay;
While thy great ſcheme fix'd and eternal ſtands.

XIII.

When, with its charms, thy beauty fires my breaſt,
Such charms as all my faculties employ,
The bliſs it yields is not to be expreſs'd;
A flood of nameleſs and extatic joy!
By copying my diſcourſes from thy law,
I teach the teacher what is juſt and meet:
The old their maxims from my lectures draw,
And, liſt'ning, drink inſtruction at my feet.
My boiſt'rous paſſions, by pure innocence,
Strictly refrain'd from ev'ry evil way,
And ſkill'd to riſe and fall without offence,
The ſweet effects of thy great rules diſplay.
O! how delicious to my thirſting ſoul
Are the clear ſtreams of thy refreſhing Truth!
Sweet, as the nectar of the mantling bowl,
That fills, with gurling joy, th' imbiber's mouth.

XIV.

Thy word, forth-beaming with a kindly light,
Through the wild waſte is my unerring Guide;
When clouds of doubt, as in the gloom of night,
My way, enveloping with darkneſs, hide.

Bound

Bound by an oath, which never ſhall be broke,
Eternal fealty I have vow'd to thee;
And ſworn, with conſtancy, to wear thy yoke,
From ev'ry link of ſuperſtition free.
Place me, falſe zealots, on the verge of death,
Or, ruthleſs, take me in your tangling ſnare:
I'll ſerve my only chieftain while I've breath,
And bid farewell to ev'ry trifling care.
He is my heritage, my ample meed;
With patience on his ſafeguard I'll rely;
And, to his promiſes, in time of need,
Borne on the wings of Hope, ſecurely fly.

XV.

Ye workers of iniquity, keep off:
Your caſe I pity, but your lives I hate.
Stand by, profane ones; and forbear to ſcoff;
While your great Maker's judgments I relate.
While he's my ſhield and bulwark of defence,
In vain your impious menaces alarm.
With love attemper'd his Omnipotence
Will ſcreen my head from all malicious harm.
Strengthen my feeble knees, great Pow'r divine;
And grant me boldly in thy paths to tread:
While they, who at thy empire dare repine,
In fraudful darkneſs ſhroud their treacher head.
Thy ſtubborn foes, to their eternal ſhame,
On trial, ſhall be baſe and worthleſs found:
While they, that hallow thy tremendous name,
In ev'ry happy talent ſhall abound.

XVI. Em-

XVI.

Employ'd in actions innocently right,
From all approach of perſecution free,
Let thy propoſals be my chief delight;
And my main care, to meditate on thee.
In ev'ry ſcene, by Reaſon's mental eye,
With awful thought, thy workings let me ſcan,
And, ever-ſeeking, evermore deſcry
New ſtrokes of Wiſdom in the beauteous plan.
O thou, whoſe goodneſs never will diſdain
A ſuppliant's properly-conceiv'd requeſt,
Thy deep-laid counſels to my ſoul explain;
That, knowing more, I may be ſtill more bleſs'd.
Then, with regardleſs look, I ſhall behold
The Sultan's countleſs treaſure; and each gem,
That, ſet in ſockets of the fineſt gold,
With ſparkling blaze bedecks his diadem.

XVII.

Bright as the ſun, in his meridian line,
When on earth's lap with fulleſt light he ſtreams;
Such are, and with ſuch piercing luſtre ſhine,
Of thy all-chearing Truth th' inlivening beams.
From the ſweet landſkip of the fragrant fields,
Each inſtant, as I breathe the vital air,
The common bleſſing thy indulgence yields,
Giver of life, I feel thy favour there.
That brook, that glides; this earth, that ſolid ſtands,
Thy laws, with properties diverſe, obey.
Grant me, obſequious to thy great commands,
To act my part as regular as they.

Ah!

Ah! how excuſeleſs will the wretch be found!
Whoſe mind, illumin'd with a reas'ning ray,
Lives leſs impeccant than the ſtupid ground,
Or than th' inſipid wave that rolls away.

XVIII.

To the unbiaſs'd thinker, that, with care,
Examines ev'ry object, as he ought,
How plainly legible thy mandates are!
How within compaſs of the human thought!
Though, with warm zeal, my ſpirit is inflam'd
Againſt the foes to Virtue and to thee:
Yet, I regard them with a zeal unblam'd,
And only wiſh them from their vices free.
For, when, impartially, my ſoul I view,
How deeply ſtain'd with blemiſhes my own!
To other's faults the retribution due
I leave to thy determining alone.
Yea, to the ſecret inqueſt of my heart,
When, howe'er ſmall, my conſcious failings riſe,
Of inward puniſhment I feel the ſmart,
And tears, unbidden, trickle from my eyes.

XIX.

Be thou, my ſoul, whene'er thou dar'ſt complain,
In awful ſilence, to thy heav'nly King,
Smooth and untroubled, as the glaſſy plain,
Which no ſoft zephyr bruſhes with its wing.
To him, at early dawn, when firſt awake,
In ſuited ſentiments thy thanks return:
At noon, at night, unfeign'd addreſſes make:
Nay, conſtantly, with grateful incenſe burn.

That

That he is Goodneſs, Wiſdom, Pow'r, believe;
All Three in One: no myſtery I deem:
Modeſtly then intreat him to receive
Thy ſighs, and crown thy wiſhes with eſteem.
O, mighty Author of whate'er we ſee;
Of all the things that any where exiſt:
With eager longings I aſpire to thee;
Let thy kind grace my weakneſſes aſſiſt.

XX.

From evil men, as well as evil things,
That I thy ways may ſteadily perſue,
Grant me immunity, O King of Kings,
And all my ſoul, with innocence imbue.
What troops of ill the impious man ſurround!
Whoſe paſſions are, alternately, at ſtrife.
See! how, in mind and body both, unſound
He leads not, but drags on a nauſeous life!
Not without tears, I view the tragic ſcene,
With indignation and ſoft pity mix'd:
But, thanks to thee, remain, from what I've ſeen,
Truth, in thy principles, more firmly fix'd.
Still, be thou gracious; and whene'er I find
My faculties with languor dull and ſlow,
Stir up, with ſome kind hint, my ſinking mind;
By thee inkindled let my fancy glow.

XXI.

The tribe tyrannic, with their hireling bands,
To Liberty and Truth alike averſe,
Hate me; becauſe thy ſocial Commands,
So oppoſite to theirs, I dare rehearſe.

But,

But, let them hate: I, in return, deteſt
The flatt'ring coin ſo current in their Courts;
WhereFolly ſtalks, with Wiſdom's enſigns, dreſs'd;
And honeſt labour luxury ſupports.
Let them, deſtructively, with bloody toil,
Exulting, proſecute their claims unjuſt;
Plunder the helpleſs, and apply the ſpoil
To feed the flames of their intemper'd luſt.
In Virtue's field, true glory to attain,
With arms of Juſtice, let me never ceaſe,
O Sapience celeſtial, in thy train;
Whoſe ways arePleaſure,and whoſe paths arePeace.

XXII.

My Sov'reign; at thy throne, without reſtraint
From ſycophants, with hands held out for fees,
Whene'er diſtreſs'd, I'll utter my complaint:
Thy Majeſty may be approach'd with eaſe.
Tremble not, lips; nor faulter thou, my tongue;
You both, excuſably, may play your part:
The Prince that you addreſs ſees nothing wrong
But the diſſemblings of a wicked heart.
Then, courage! O my ſoul; thy caſe unfold:
Be thou, to keep his Statutes, well inclin'd:
Such is his Goodneſs! He will not with-hold
The motives needful to aſſiſt thy mind.
If, like a ſheep, that innocently ſtrays,
Thou chance, ſometimes, to deviate from the right;
He will recall thee gently to his ways,
Beſtrew'd with bliſs, and blooming with delight.

FINIS.

PLAYS OCTAVO, printed for T. LOWNDES, at 1s. 6d. each.

ART and Nature, by the Rev. Mr. Miller.
Athelwold, by A. Hill, Eſq;
Alzira, by A. Hill.
Corniſh Squire, by Sir J. Vanbrugh.
Cælia, or Perjur'd Lover, by C. Johnſon.
Cymbeline, by Hawkins.
Diſſembled Wanton, by Welſted.
Double Falſhood, or Diſtreſſed Lovers, by Shakeſpear.
Double Deceit.
Elfrid, or the Fair Inconſtant, by A. Hill, Eſq;
Fall of Mortimer.
Fate of Villainy, by Mr. Walker.
Faſhionable Lady, by Mr. Ralph.
Fatal Viſion, by A. Hill.
Guardian Outwitted, by Dr. Arne.
General Lover, by Mr. Moſs.
Humours of Oxford, by Mr. Miller.
Highland Fair, by Mr. Mitchell.
Henry V. or Conqueſt of France, by A. Hill.
Henry VIII. by Mr. Grove, with Cuts.
Inſolvent, or Filial Piety.
Independent Patriot, by F. Lynch, Eſq;
Lover, by The. Cibber.
Love in a Village, a Comic Opera.
Modiſh Couple, by C. Bodens, Eſq;
Mahomet, by the Rev. Mr. Miller.
Maid of the Mill, a Comic Opera.
Mother-in-Law, by Mr. Miller.
Momus turned Fabuliſt, with Muſic.
Man of Taſte, by Mr. Miller.
Midas, a Comic Opera.
Oliver Cromwell, by Mr. Green.
Prodigal, by T. Odell, Eſq;
Papal Tyranny, or King John, by C. Cibber, Eſq;
Periander, by Tracy Atkins, Eſq;
Roman Revenge, by A. Hill.
Scanderbeg, by Mr. Havard.
Timon in Love, by Mr. Ralfe.
Timoleon, by B. Martyn, Eſq;
Univerſal Paſſion, by Mr. Miller.
Widow Bewitch'd, by J. Motley.
Zara, with the Interlude, &c. by A. Hill, Eſq;